the King gone to night, ſubſcrib'd his power, confined to exhibition, all this done vpon the gad; *Edmund*, how now, what newes?

Baſt. So pleaſe your Lordſhip, none.

Gloſt. Why ſo earneſtly ſeeke you to put vp that letter?

Baſt. I know no newes, my Lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Baſt. Nothing my Lord.

Gloſt. No, what needs then that terrible diſpatch of it into your pocket, the quality of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide it ſelfe, lets ſee, come if it be nothing I ſhal not need ſpectacles.

Baſt. I beſeech you ſir pardon me, it is a Letter from my brother, that I haue not all ore read, for ſo much as I haue peruſed, I finde it not fit for your liking.

Gloſt. Giue me the letter ſir.

Baſt. I ſhall offend, either to detaine or giue it, the contents as in part I vnderſtand them, are too blame.

Glo. Lets ſee, Lets ſee.

Baſt. I hope for my brothers iuſtification, he wrote this but as an eſſay, or taſte of my vertue. *A Letter.*

Gloſt. This policy of age makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times, keepes our fortunes from vs till our oldneſſe cannot relliſh them, I begin to finde an idle and fond bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny, who ſwaies not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffered, come to mee, that of this I may ſpeake more; if our Father would ſleepe till I wakt him, you ſhould enioy halfe his reuenew for euer, and liue the beloued of your brother *Edgar*.

Hum, conſpiracy, ſlept till I wakt him, you ſhould enioy halfe his reuenew: my ſonne *Edgar*, had he a hand to write this, a hart and braine to breed it in? when came this to you, who brought it?

Baſt. It was not brought me my Lord, there's the cunuing of it, I found it throwne in at the caſement of my Cloſet.

Gloſt. You know the carracter to be your brothers?

Baſt. If the matter were good, my Lord, I durſt ſweare it were his, but in reſpect of that, I would faine think it were not.

Gloſt.

Gloſt. Is it his?

Baſt. It is his hand m
the contents.

Gloſt. Hath he neue
neſſe?

Baſt. Neuer my Lor
it to be fit, that ſonnes a
father ſhould be as War
the reuenew.

Gloſt. O villaine, villa
horrid villaine, vnnatura
bruitiſh go ſir ſeeke him
laine, where is he?

Baſt. I do not well
ſuſpend your indignatio
riue from him better teſt
certaine courſe, where if
ſtaking his purpoſe, it
honour, and ſhake in pe
pawne downe my life fo
affection to your Honou

Gloſt. Thinke you ſo

Baſt. If your Honour
you ſhall heare vs confe
haue your ſatisfaction, a
this very euening.

Gloſt. He cannot be ſu

Baſt. Nor is not ſure.

Gloſt. To his father, t
heauen and earth! *Edm*
pray you frame your buſ
vnſtate my ſelfe ro be in

Baſt. I ſhall ſeeke hi
ſhall ſee meanes, and acc

Glo. Theſe late Eclipſ
good to vs, though the
thus, yet nature findes

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